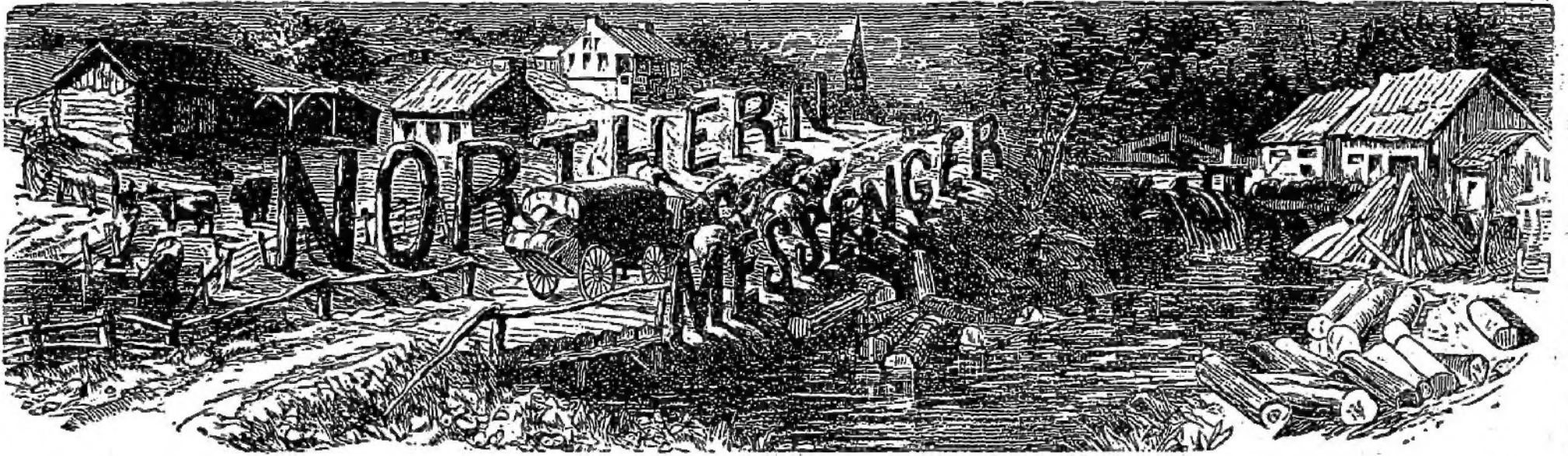




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THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A. : A MEMOIR.

Quite suddenly, on the 3rd of March last, while absent from home upon a somewhat prolonged lecturing tour, the Rev. John George Wood, author of more than one hundred books upon natural history subjects, was struck down by mortal sickness, and passed away after only a few hours of suffering. Less than forty-eight hours before his death he delivered his last "sketch-lecture" at Burton-on-Trent; on the following day—Saturday—he travelled to Coventry, where a lecture had been arranged for the Monday, and succeeded in reaching the house of an old friend with whom he had promised to stay. But almost immediately after his arrival he was seized with violent pain, which he at once knew to be the beginning of the end. And at sunset on the Sunday he died.

Mr. Wood was born in London on July 21st, 1827, and was the son of a well-known surgeon, who for some years held the post of chemical lecturer at the Middlesex Hospital. At the unusually early age of seventeen, he matriculated at Morton College, and notwithstanding his youth he was elected Jackson Scholar in the following year, and in 1848 he graduated as Bachelor in Arts, proceeding to his Master's degree three years later. Being still several years short of the prescribed age for candidates for ordination, he now spent some little time in systematic labor in the Anatomical Museum of Christ Church, Oxford, and there it was that he obtained that thorough knowledge of comparative anatomy which in after life served him so well. In 1852 he received ordination at the hands of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, then of Oxford, and preached until 1872, in which year, finding his family increasing, and his name fast becoming a household word in the land, he abandoned stipendiary clerical work and finally adopted literature as his profession.

His first book, however—the smaller "Natural History"—had appeared no less than ten years before, and had been followed by a translation of Alphonse Karr's charming work, "A Tour round my Garden"; by his own "Anecdotes of Animal Life," in two substantial volumes; and by the two hand-books which first brought his name into prominence—viz., "Common Objects of the Sea Shore" and "Common Objects of the Country." With such favor was the latter of these more especially received by the public that no less than thirty-six thousand copies were sold in the course of a single week. Next followed a small book for boys, entitled "The Playground," and then Mr. Wood entered

upon his largest and most important work, the second "Natural History."

This appeared in monthly parts, the first of which was published in 1859, the year of Mr. Wood's marriage. The best artists were pressed into the service, no expense was spared by the publishers—Messrs. Routledge & Co.—and in thirty-six numbers the whole was completed, the entire animal kingdom having been accurately

used, or for that of their young. And then Mr. Wood entered upon what must be considered as the busiest portion of an unusually busy life.

For two years he was now simultaneously engaged upon two large and important works—"Bible Animals" and the "Illustrated Natural History of Man." Both of these—the latter a companion to the larger "Natural History"—were issued in periodi-

cal magazine literature, and also acted as honorary curate of St. John's Parish Church, Erith (for twelve years in all), besides undertaking the tuition and management of the choir.

It may well be imagined that Mr. Wood's leisure time at this period was of the scantiest, and indeed only a man of the strongest constitution could have performed the manifold duties which he unsparingly imposed upon himself. Often at his desk before five o'clock in the morning, he usually wrote steadily for three hours, and then, with little regard for weather, he would set off for a sharp run of just over three miles along a specified course. Always a good athlete, and skilled from his boyhood in gymnastic exercises of every kind, this run—completed without a check, and concluding with the ascent of a long and steep hill—occupied little more than twenty minutes, and was immediately followed by a cold bath and by breakfast. Then came steady work until luncheon at half-past one, after which a couple of hours were spent in repose; and then followed work again until half-past seven. Almost immediately after dinner Mr. Wood again returned to his desk, not to leave it until after eleven; and so was accomplished a daily tale of work which probably few writers of any age have exceeded.

This great pressure of literary labor was followed by a comparative lull, of which Mr. Wood availed himself to take up choir training upon a far larger scale than ever before. Being requested to undertake the Precentorship of the Canterbury Diocesan Choral Union he consented, and immediately set to work in his own energetic way to bring the annual festivals to the highest possible degree of perfection.

So enthusiastically did Mr. Wood work at this labor of love—for his precentorship was entirely honorary—that at the last of the seven great festivals which he conducted the choir consisted of no less than twelve hundred voices, all those of bona fide choristers of the diocese, while the music reached a state of perfection which had never before been attained. No one who ever attended one of those wonderful services is ever likely to forget the seemingly endless procession of white-robed choristers, as it wound slowly through the grand old cloisters and up the stately nave, or the effect of the great wave of sound which came rolling into every corner of the mighty building from the vast body of voices in the choir. But the demands made by the preliminary organization upon Mr. Wood's time increased with each succeeding year, his health suffered from the constant travelling and the ceaseless anxiety, and in 1875 he found himself compelled, with



THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

described, from the great anthropoid apes down to the infusoria and the sponges. Almost before the MS. was completed the still better known "Homes without Hands" was commenced, comprising a full account of the various dwellings constructed by animals of all kinds, either for their own

cal form, and thus for twenty-four consecutive months Mr. Wood was obliged to send in a double quota of MS., besides performing all the heavy labor connected with the revision of proofs and the correction of artists' blocks. Still he found time, however, for occasional contributions to

much regret, to relinquish the baton of office into other hands.

Meanwhile, however, his pen had been by no means idle; one by one five other works were produced.

But now a serious accident befell Mr. Wood. Running hastily down a steep hill upon a dark night in order to catch the last train, with a bag in his left hand and a walking-stick between the fingers of his right, he stumbled and fell over a heap of rubbish which had carelessly been left in the very middle of the pathway, and which was quite invisible in the darkness. Unable to save himself, his whole weight came upon the unfortunate right hand, two fingers of which were both dislocated and broken (one in two places), while almost all the bones of the palm were also fractured. Scarcely alive to the extent of the injury, however, Mr. Wood proceeded on his journey (undertaken to assist a clerical friend), and, although in great pain, contrived to perform the services of the following morning. Naturally the wounded hand suffered still more from the want of immediate attention, and for months afterwards it was completely useless, while never to the end of his life did it regain its old strength and steadiness.

Literary work for some time was now quite out of the question—for Mr. Wood could never dictate to an amanuensis. Among the Christmas books of 1878, however, appeared his long-projected edition of Charles Waterton's famous "Wanderings in South America," comprising a full biography of the celebrated traveller (with whom Mr. Wood had been personally acquainted), the unaltered text of the "Wanderings" themselves, and a comprehensive explanatory index. Thus was the book rendered, as never had it been before, intelligible to the general public, and a second edition was called for almost before the first was fairly published.

Among his later works was, "Horse and Man," a work which embodied the results of a vast amount of practical research and personal investigation, and which was designed principally to point out the evils resulting from the use of bearing-reins and blinkers, and especially from the system of horse-shoeing at the present time in vogue.

Mr. Wood's views upon this latter point were at first received with contempt and ridicule rather than with approval, but this he had fully expected. So much interested opposition had in the first instance to be overcome that he did not at all despair of ultimate success; and by-and-by letters began to reach him—at first very occasionally, afterwards with greater frequency—in which the writers informed him that they had carefully followed out his suggestions, with the result that their shoeless horses, after several months of hard work upon ordinary macadamized roads, were in far better condition than when they had been shod. Such letters were always a source of great pride to him, and he made frequent reference to them in the many lectures which he delivered upon the subject in various parts of the kingdom.

In 1887 appeared the last but one of Mr. Wood's already published works, under the title of "Man and his Handiwork," in which was traced the gradual advance of the human race from savagery to civilization, as shown by the works of their hands. A few months later the long list was completed by the issue, under the auspices of the Religious Tract Society, of the "Handy Natural History," a book intended principally for the use of boys, and giving a pleasant and chatty description of the principal vertebrate animals. A larger and more important work, "The Dominion of Man," is now in the press, and will be published early in the autumn by Messrs. Richard Bentley and Co.

Throughout his literary career of thirty-seven years Mr. Wood was a constant contributor to numerous periodicals, and also, for some time, himself edited "The Boys' Own Magazine."

Partly, no doubt, owing to the serious injury to his hand, before referred to, and partly to the incessant use of the pen, Mr. Wood was visited some years since with threatening of the dreaded "writer's cramp." He therefore purchased a typewriter, which latterly accompanied him even upon his frequent journeys, many of his magazine articles being composed while actually in the railway carriage, with the

strange machine upon his knees. Always perfectly indifferent to any attention which his proceedings might excite, he would work steadily on for hours, quite undisturbed by the curious gaze of his fellow-passengers; and so he contrived, even during his prolonged lecturing tours, to produce the daily tale of MS., although frequently travelling, day after day, from dawn almost till dusk.

As a supplementary profession, this lecturing was not adopted until 1879, although for some fifteen years previously he had occasionally appeared upon the platform.

He usually illustrated his remarks by the aid of colored chalks. These rapid sketches, performed in full view of the audience, no doubt contributed very greatly to the invariable success of his lectures. Was bird, beast, fish, or insect being described, its counterfeit presentment, glowing with brilliant colors, gradually appeared on the great black canvas, every line exact, every point brought out with marvellous fidelity. Was some difficult detail of structure being explained, an accurate sketch made all things clear, and prevented any possible misconception or want of comprehension. Thus eye and ear were taught together, while the interest of the audience was never suffered to flag, and the dry details of classificatory science were never inflicted upon them.

Two successive winters—those of 1883-4 and 1884-5—Mr. Wood spent in the United States, and there he delivered his lectures in almost all the principal towns.

During the last few years of his life, Mr. Wood resided at St. Peter's, near Margate, in the neighborhood of which, nearly thirty years previously, most of the investigations for his "Common Objects of the Sea Shore" had been carried on. He now became a constant visitor to the menagerie of that town, where he was on very friendly terms with the lions and tigers, whose favor he secured by the simple expedient of presenting them with paper balls on which a few drops of lavender water had been sprinkled. Over these the animals in question used to become almost wild with delight, holding the balls close to their nostrils, eagerly sniffing in the fascinating odor, and showing their pleasure by loud and prolonged purring. Before very long they came to know the donor perfectly well by sight, and, recognizing him in the distance, would herald his approach with mighty roarings and with antics expressive of the utmost excitement. And they would freely allow him to stroke or handle them, or to pull out and inspect their claws, just as, twenty years previously, he had done with the lions and tigers of the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park.

All animals, however, instinctively "took to" Mr. Wood, and during most of his meals a favorite cat sat upon his shoulder, and another usually lay coiled up by his side while at work. Outside his window, too, was generally a company of small birds which he regularly fed with porridge, bread-crumbs, and small scraps of meat every morning, and which always became very clamorous and importunate as eight o'clock approached. And, finally, living creatures of various kinds—toads, frogs, hedgehogs, snakes, chameleons, lizards, scorpions even—were always to be seen on or near his table, where he could watch them as he worked without fear of alarming them.

In private life Mr. Wood was always one of the most delightful of companions, full of humor and anecdote, and ready to talk upon any topic which might present itself—that of politics alone excepted. Upon party questions no one could persuade him to say a word. He impartially read the newspapers of either side, but invariably kept his opinions to himself.

No doubt the constant wear and tear of Mr. Wood's laborious life prepared the way for the attack which carried him off. Bodily weariness seemed to be forgotten when once he had his audience before him and his drawing-chalks in his hand, and every sentence showed the deep interest which he took in his subject, every hearer felt that it was a real pleasure to him to speak upon it. But the ceaseless strain did its fatal work, and we cannot but feel that if Mr. Wood had worked less hard, less incessantly, we should have had him with us still.—From the *Sunday Magazine*.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC.

To conduct properly the music in the Sabbath-school something more is needed besides a good and cultivated voice. The command is to worship in spirit and in truth. To conduct the songs of the sanctuary so that good may result, he must be a child of God in order to sing in spirit and truth. Let the leader realize his responsibility; let school and director pray over the work, remembering that an influence either for weal or woe is to be shown by the work. Try this plan; see if success will not crown your efforts. God will bless the work and use it as a divine method in truth.

STEP BY STEP.

"Step by step he leads his victim
To the verge of dread despair,
Hurls him o'er the brink of ruin,
Laughs, and leaves him helpless there.
Widowed hearts and homes, deserted,
Helpless children orphans made—
What a picture! God of mercy,
Let this cruel tide be stayed!"

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—JULY 23.

ISRAEL ASKING FOR A KING.—1 Sam. 8: 1-20.

COMMIT VERSES 4, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay; but we will have a king over us.—1 Sam. 8: 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should seek to know God's will rather than insist on our own.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 8: 1-22.
T. Deut. 17: 14-20.
W. 1 Kings 12: 1-15.
Th. Acts 13: 16-33.
F. Ps. 105: 1-15.
Sa. Ps. 118: 1-16.
Su. Matt. 23: 29-32.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. The elders of Israel: the heads of families and leading persons, forming a kind of legislature. 5. *Sons walk not in thy ways*: they took bribes and perverted justice (v. 3). 6. *The thing displeased Samuel*: it was not wrong to have a king (Deut. 17: 14-20), but the request was a slur upon his administration, a rejection of God, a refusal to be as noble and holy a nation as God would have them to be. Why did they desire a king? (1) To be like other nations. (2) To have a visible leader for war (v. 2). (3) To give unity to the nation. (4) Samuel would not long be able to rule them, and his sons were not fit for the place. 7. *They have not rejected thee, chiefly, but they have rejected me*: in rejecting Samuel. How? (1) They did not ask what was best, but were determined to have their own way. (2) They were unwilling to be such a nation as God thought best. (3) They wanted success without obedience, and hoped they could have it by a king. (4) They distrusted God as their invisible leader. (5) Their motive was bad,—to be like other nations. 9. *Hearken unto their voice*: grant their request. For so sinful a people a king was the best, as a punishment for their not being more worthy. 11. *This will be the manner of the king*: (1) He would bring in luxury at the people's expense. (2) He would limit their freedom. (3) He would impose high taxes and drain the wealth of the people.

SUBJECT: REJECTING OUR SAVIOUR AND GOD.

QUESTIONS.

I. WHY THE ISRAELITES REJECTED GOD (vs. 4, 5, 20).—Who came to Samuel with a message? Who were the elders? Where did they find Samuel? What was their request? What circumstances probably led them to ask for a king at this time? (11: 1-3; 12: 12.) What was the first reason given? How old was Samuel? What was the second reason? How did Samuel's sons behave? (v. 3.) How did it come that Samuel had such bad sons? What does Paul say of the love of money? (1 Tim. 6: 10.) What is a bribe? What sins arise from covetousness? What was the third reason for asking a king? What was the fourth reason?

II. HOW THEY REJECTED GOD (vs. 6-9).—How did the request of the elders affect Samuel? Why was he displeased? What had he done for the people? (12: 1-5, 23.) Were they ungrateful? What did Samuel do in this trial? What does his example teach us? (James 5: 13.) What answer did he receive from God? How was the course of the Israelites a rejection of God? Was it wrong to have a king? (Deut. 17: 14.) Who had been the king of Israel hitherto? (12: 12.) What had he done for them? (12: 8-15.) Had he ever failed them when they had been obedient and loyal? How was the request of the people a distrust of God? Who is our rightful king? What is it for us to reject him? In what ways is it done? What has he done for us?

III. THE EFFECTS OF REJECTING GOD (vs. 10-19).—What further warning did Samuel give the people? What would be the manner of the king? How would he bring in luxury, and tend to war? How would he restrict their liberty? How would he impose high taxes? Give an example only a century later. (1 Kings 10: 16-20; 12: 1-14.) Why did God answer such a prayer? Would it have been better if they had been good enough to have their prayer denied? (Ps. 106: 15.) Is it wise for us always to pray Thy will be done? What evils now come to those who reject God?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. The best of men sometimes have bad children.
II. We often earnestly desire things not best for us to have.

III. There may be sin and folly as well as danger in the desire to be like other people.

LESSON V.—AUGUST 1.

SAUL CHOSEN OF THE LORD.—1 Sam. 9: 15-27.

COMMIT VERSES 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By me kings reign, and princes decree justice.—Prov. 8: 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God guides us to the kingdom to which he calls us.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 9: 1-14.
T. 1 Sam. 9: 15-27.
W. 1 Sam. 10: 1-16.
Th. 1 Sam. 10: 17-23.
F. 1 Sam. 11: 1-15.
Sa. Ps. 2: 1-12.
Su. Ps. 72: 1-20.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

We find a double leading by God. In the verses previous to the lesson, Saul is sent out to seek some strayed asses, and is unconsciously led to Ramah and to Samuel. 15. *Now the Lord etc.*: here Samuel is guided to Saul, and the choice of him as king. 16. *Save my people, etc.*: this shows that the Philistines were gathering for an attack upon Israel, and this was probably one reason why the people were so anxious for a king. 18. *The seer*: one who sees: a prophet. 19. *The high place*: a hill where sacrifices were offered, there being no central place of worship. 20. *On whom is all the desire of Israel*: not that all Israel desired him, but to him would come all that was most desirable in Israel,—the kingly power and wealth. 31. *Benjaminite of the smallest of the tribes*: at the numbering, in Moses' time, it was next to the smallest (Num. 1: 37), and it had lately been almost extinguished (Judg. 20: 46). 22. *The parlor*: the priest's chamber. *About thirty persons*: in the chamber. The lenders: the rest of the people worshipped outside. 23. *Samuel said, etc.*: this was to show Saul that his coming had been foreseen and prepared for. 25. *Commanded with Saul*: on the state of the country and the duties of a king. *Upon the top of the house*: the most comfortable place in summer was the flat roofs of the houses. 26. *The spring*: the dawn, the day-spring. *Samuel called Saul to the top of the house*: not to the top, but upon the top, where Saul had been sleeping.

SUBJECT: ENTERING UPON THE KINGDOM.

QUESTIONS.

I. GOD'S GUIDANCE TO THE KINGDOM (vs. 15-24).—Who was Saul? (v. 1.) What was his appearance? (v. 2.) Relate the story of the way he was led to Samuel. (3-11.) How was Samuel guided to make such a choice of Saul? (vs. 15-17.) Where did they meet? What did Samuel tell Saul about his father's asses? What did he hint about Saul's future? Meaning of "all the desire of Israel"? How did Saul receive this honor? Did this show a right spirit?

What are we taught here about God's guiding providence?—How is this a comfort and help to us? Does God guide us by means of little things? What does Jesus say about the way to greater things? (Luke 10: 10; Matt. 25: 29.)

II. THE NOMINATION OF SAUL FOR KING (vs. 25-27).—To what place was Samuel going? What place did he give Saul at the feast? How many were there? In what place did Samuel talk over the affairs of the nation with him? What did Samuel do to Saul on his way home? (10: 1.) How was Saul prepared for his work? (10: 3-10.) What qualities had Saul that fitted him to be king?

Does God prepare us for whatever work he has for us to do? Has he placed each of us in the world for some special work? Are there great possibilities of good in each of us?

III. THE ELECTION OF SAUL (10: 17-27). How was Saul chosen king of the people? In what place? Was the feeling unanimous for him?

IV. THE REAL INAUGURATION OF SAUL (11: 1-15).—What enemy made an attack upon a city of Israel? Tell the story. How did Saul summon the people? What was the issue of the contest? What was the effect upon the people? (vs. 12-15.)

V. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—Who is our rightful king? (Matt. 4: 10; 6: 9-16; Luke 10: 27; Rev. 4: 11; 1 Tim. 3: 17.) How should we choose and acknowledge him as our king? (John 12: 26; Rev. 3: 20; 22: 14.) To what kingdom are we called? (Rev. 1: 6; 3: 21; 5: 9; Luke 22: 29, 30.) How are we prepared for it? (Heb. 13: 20, 21; John 16: 13; Rom. 8: 14; Heb. 10: 15, 16.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God's guiding providence is over all.
II. The smallest things rightly used may lead to the largest issues. Saul sought for strayed asses and found a kingdom.
III. There is scarcely a limit to the possibilities of our lives.
IV. If God has a work for us to do, his Spirit will prepare us for it.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1893.)

- July 7.—Samuel called of God.—1 Sam. 3: 1-14.
- July 14.—The Sorrowful death of Eli.—1 Sam. 4: 1-18.
- July 21.—Samuel the Reformer.—1 Sam. 7: 1-12.
- July 28.—Israel Asking for a King.—1 Sam. 8: 1-20.
- Aug. 4.—Saul Chosen of the Lord.—1 Sam. 9: 15-27.
- Aug. 11.—Samuel's Farewell Address.—1 Sam. 12: 1-15.
- Aug. 18.—Saul Rejected by the Lord.—1 Sam. 15: 10-23.
- Aug. 25.—The Anointing of David.—1 Sam. 16: 1-13.
- Sept. 1.—David and Goliath.—1 Sam. 17: 32-51.
- Sept. 8.—David and Jonathan.—1 Sam. 20: 1-13.
- Sept. 15.—David sparing Saul.—1 Sam. 24: 4-17.
- Sept. 22.—Death of Saul and his Sons.—1 Sam. 31: 1-13.
- Sept. 29.—Review and Temperance.—1 Sam. 25: 23-31 and 35-38.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE EVOLUTION OF MRS. THOMAS.

BY MRS. MARY H. FIELD.

(Continued.)

The lines on her face looked very resolute, as she brushed away the tears and picked up her little well-worn Bible to get a few words of solace before she went down stairs to spend the last hour of the evening in an entirely new way. She opened very naturally at her favorite Sermon on the Mount, and read with new appreciation: "Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?"

She bowed her head down over the book a little while, and then she went down stairs with an air of cheerful resolution. She went straight toward her work-basket, gathered up and arranged its contents, and put the basket away in its place.

"Going to bed, mamma?" said Mary.

"No, my dear; I'm going to read a while, like the rest of you."

There was a general looking up, and then an outburst of question and congratulation. Albert was on the point of making an ironical remark, but Mary checked him with an eager, "That's too nice to believe. Here is the best place, mamma. Albert, bring mamma's chair right here. Now what are you going to read, mamma? Let me get the book—or is it a magazine or paper?"

"I guess the *Journal* will do for tonight," answered the mother, smiling. "I don't think I'll attack anything very deep just yet."

Mary looked puzzled, and even Mr. Thomas seemed aware of something peculiar in the atmosphere as Mary brought her mother the good old *Church Journal*.

Nothing more was said, however, and the family went back to their previous occupations. No one of them happened to see the mother's sudden start and change of color as she came upon and began to read an article headed with the mysterious initials C.L.S.C.

If an audible voice from heaven had fallen upon the ear of the sad and troubled mother of the Thomas household it could hardly have brought more surprise. She believed in a special providence in a vague, general way, but nothing in her experience had ever seemed so direct and personal, so fatherly-kind, as this. The letters had caught her attention, and then she had read a dozen lines before she could quite take in the idea, a dozen more before she could believe her eyes. Why, here was a plan exactly fitted to her needs! There were other souls, then, as hungry and thirsty as her own, and here was the manna dropping from the sky, the water gushing from the rock, in response to their famished cry. Some women would have had doubts and fears lest this curriculum of scientific and historical and literary study might prove too long and difficult for their tired feet; but our heroine had a dauntless spirit. She was used to hard work. The discipline of all these years of toil had not only hardened her muscles, but strengthened her will. She slowly re-read the whole article, thanked God, and took courage. Should she keep her thoughts and plans to herself? she queried silently, or should she talk it over with them all and ask their help and sympathy? The younger boys had gone to bed, so there were only Albert and the girls to be confronted with the scheme; but the poor mother felt strangely shy before these young scholars. She made up her mind, however, to take them into the council, and so struck womanfully into the subject.

"Here's something in the paper that interests me very much," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "and as you all seem to be about through your lessons I guess I'll read it aloud."

"Yes," assented Mary, just a trifle slowly, lest the interesting matter should prove rather dull to youthful listeners.

"It is about a new society—a sort of school for old folks; this is what it says," and Mrs. Thomas read the clear prefatory explanation, and then the aim and method and proposed plan of study for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

The children took it in silence, very much as they would have taken a short

sermon, and then Albert said, jocosely, "Well, what does it prove?"

"It proves," said his mother,—"that everybody isn't satisfied with the book-learning they have when they're twenty years old" (here Amy gave Albert a significant nudge with her elbow), "and that there is a chance for them to do some more studying even after they are forty; and," she slowly added, "I'm one of the people that feel so."

Mary drew her chair close beside her mother and took her toil-worn hand. "You dear old mamma," she said, "you know more than forty girls and boys, books or no books."

"That's all very well for you to say, Mary, but there's another side to it, and I'm going to be a—a—" she couldn't quite trust herself with the new word which she had skipped each time in reading—"I'm going to join."

Mr. Thomas, who was warming his feet at the grate, suddenly woke up. "Join what?" he asked.

"Mother is going to college," said Albert.

"Mamma is going to stop working for us every blessed minute, morning, noon and night," said Mary, "and going to do what she has a mind to forty minutes every single day, and I'm going to help her! Here, mamma, let's have the paper. Now, papa, you listen." Again the C.L.S.C. article was read, and this time with all the vigor that Miss Mary's elocutionary training could bring to bear upon it.

Mr. Thomas seemed considerably dazed, but made no comments or objections.

"See," said Mary; "there's a 'Pacific Coast branch' just organized, and so, of course, we can find out all about it right away. Mamma shall 'belong,' shan't she, papa? And what's this first book?" ran on her voluble young tongue. "Green's Short History of the English People? Why, that's the very book they've just bought for our school library, and I'll bring it home to-morrow!"

"Well, I guess you and mother will run it without my help," said Mr. Thomas, "judging by the way you go on."

"I'm going to help 'run it,' too," said Amy, kissing her mother good-night.

"And I speak for a professorship in the new college," said Albert.

"For my part," said Mr. Thomas, "I'll try and foot the bills."

And so it came about that before New Year's Day, 1880, Mrs. Richard Thomas, of San Luis, became a Chautauquan and was duly enrolled as such upon the secretary's books at San Jose.

(To be Continued.)

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Pink and yellow oxalis, red geraniums and fuchsias in one window, and a round, laughing face looking out of another,—this was what we saw day after day. Whenever car Number One passed, the rosy face was at the window.

The driver, a pleasant-looking young fellow, with the bluest of blue eyes, and fuzzy yellow hair, never failed to see the black eyes that looked out at him, and to smile or wave his handkerchief as he passed.

One day the car stopped in front of the house, and a girl came out and got in. It was her face that we had seen at the window, and we looked at her with a mixture of curiosity and interest. In her arms she carried a large, shapeless bundle, which, when she unwrapped the red shawl that was wound around it, proved to be a baby, fat and blue-eyed, who looked at each of us in turn, wonderingly, while he sucked the fingers of one little hand.

The car stopped again, and two ladies came in; they were evidently acquainted, and in order to give them seats together the girl gave her seat to one of them and sat down by me. She glanced at me once or twice, and seeing, or perhaps feeling, my friendly attitude, said, half-shyly, "I see you in this car very often—you see, I most always look out when I know Jack will be passing."

"I have seen you, too," I answered, "I suppose this is your baby?"

"Yes," she said, proudly, "Jack's and mine. Don't you think he looks like Jack?"

"Yes, very much. But you look young to be married and have a baby as old as this little fellow."

"Well, I'm older than I look,—I'm past

eighteen. See my earrings,—they were a present from Jack on my last birthday, and the baby gave me a butter-knife. Of course, Jack bought it, but it was a present from the baby just the same. I suppose you keep house?"

I told her I did.

"So do I. We have one real large room, and it's fixed so it's just as good as two would be. When I was at home we had a whole house, but I think one room is a great deal nicer,—you can see all the pretty things you've got, right there; you don't have to go into other rooms to look at them."

"Don't you think we were lucky to be able to get a room that looks out on the street? And we have another window, too; that looks out into a lumber-yard, and I've watched the teams and the men coming and going so much that I know the names of some of the horses and where some of the men live."

"But I like the front windows best; I see the trees on the corner of A—Street when they are brown in autumn, and then when they are bare in winter. Now the leaves will soon be out, and then won't they look pretty?"

Again the car stopped. She got up and wrapped the shawl around the baby. "I get off here," she said, smiling. "I'm going to get a dress for the baby. Good-by; I hope I'll see you again some time."

"What an outlandish-looking girl!" said one of the ladies on the opposite side of the car as soon as the girl was out of hearing. "Oh dear, how slow this car goes! I wish the drivers had to go faster through parts of the city where there's nothing to see."

She did not seem to be an ill-natured woman; her face was pleasant, and her manners were good, but she was thoughtless. The "outlandish-looking girl," who saw beauty everywhere, was happier, and would make others happier than she who had a "whole house" to live in, and enjoyed many advantages which the other never dreamed of possessing.

It is not material possessions nor the lack of them that makes riches or poverty, but a contented mind.—*Youth's Companion*.

TIGHT SHOES AND HIGH HEELS.

Nothing gratifies me more than to see a woman wearing what is called a common sense shoe with a broad toe and a low wide heel. I feel that it is as good as a health insurance policy. It was said in my hearing the other day, "No lady buys anything nowadays but common sense shoes, the high heeled, narrow-soled things are left for poor shop girls and servants." Poor girls indeed. I pity them. The ease and grace with which a woman wearing common sense shoes moves and walks, compared with the movements of a woman tilted on up high narrow heels are as the motion of a swan on the lake to that of a dromedary in the desert. Parents who are wise will never allow their children to wear tight, short shoes with high or narrow heels, which are so prejudicial to health and in reality to morals; for the very root of the idea of a high heel lies in that unworthy pride and desire to attract attention which is subversive of true morality.—*Laws of Life*.

ABOUT HASH.

I wish any one who sneers at "hash" could have breakfasted with me at a quaint New Jersey farmhouse the other day. The appearance of the dish was full of poetry as a June morning. There were just six of us at the table. A large, flat platter contained six delicately toasted slices of crustless bread, on each of which were mounded as much hash as they would hold. Exquisitely poached eggs surrounded these, alternated with sprigs of parsley, with a bit of golden butter crowning each snowy globe. To make this ideal hash, take the thin part of a roast rib where streaks of fat intersect the lean, and chop very fine three parts of meat with one of cold boiled potatoes. Mince a small onion and fry till turning yellow in a little butter; stir in a teaspoonful of flour; add a little gravy if you have it, if not a gill of boiling water, the meat and potatoes, and stir with a broad-bladed knife until so hot that it leaves the bottom and sides of the pan, seasoning meanwhile with salt and pepper.

In the words of a charming writer on culinary subjects "There's poetry in such a dish, and he who would decline it is fit for treason's stratagems and spoils. Let no such man be trusted."—*Exchange*.

MEMORANDA AND NOTE BOOKS.

The following suggestion is from an exchange:

"It would prevent a great deal of vexation and annoyance if all housekeepers, instead of trying to remember everything that must be done and that will be wanted for family use, would accustom themselves to keep a memorandum, and not trust to an often treacherous memory. For the kitchen, a slate with a pencil attached is handy. It ought to hang on its own particular nail. When it is found that a certain article will be needed jot it down. Then a glance at the slate before a trip to the store will often prevent the thing most wanted being forgotten, as is sometimes the case. On the other side of the slate may be kept a list of the work to be done in its order. It will prevent any one giving the excuse, 'I forgot all about it.'"

A penny pad and a five cent lead pencil may save the busy woman hours of time if used to note down in which box, trunk or closet this or that was put away. It takes but a few minutes to make the memoranda, which may save a not-to-be-estimated amount of worry."

GRAVIES FOR BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Buckwheat cakes are often considered rather an unwholesome dish; but we think that the fault comes from the excess of melted butter and syrup which is usually eaten with them. Substitute this, at least for the children: Boil a pint of milk and half a pint of cream, put in half a teaspoonful of salt and two or three large spoonfuls of buckwheat batter, dip a spoonful and put directly into the boiling milk, wait for it to boil up, and then add another till you get a proper consistency, boil a minute longer, and pour into a thirteen or pitcher for the table. Gravies may always take the place of butter and syrup when griddle cakes are to be eaten simply by boiling a pint of milk or cream and adding a spoonful or two of the batter of which the cakes are made as a thickening; a little salt and a very little lump of butter may be added. Children are far better satisfied with a creamy gravy than with butter.

PUZZLES—NO. 14.

REBUS.

What I use when I'm walking, transpose and you have
A wonderful Island, in which is a cave
With thousands of pillars, artistic and tall,
The home of the old Scottish Giant, Fingal.
S. MOORE.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A transparent liquid. 2. Existing. 3. Exhausts. 4. An occurrence. 5. Enjoy repose.
PERCY PRIOR.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A prophet. 2. A province of Syria. 3. The son of Jahndi. 4. An apostle. 5. A traitor. 6. A Jewess.
The primals name an ancient city of Asia; the finals, a city of Issachar.

ENIGMA, NO. 1.

I'm in barley, beef and bread,
I'm in silver, pewter, lead,
I'm in future, present, past,
I'm in handsome, humble, chaste,
I'm in shadow, lost and found,
I'm in double, square and round,
I'm in apple, pear and peach,
I'm in either, neither, each,
I'm in riches, ruin, rule,
I'm in father, wife and fool,
I'm in meadow, field and mote,
I'm in cottage, cave and cote,
I'm in heart, in mouth and throat.
HANNAH E. GREENE.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

In whip not in lash,
In coin not in cash,
In foot not in hand,
In sea not in land,
In more not in less,
In pride not in dress,
In me not in you,
In green not in blue,
In play not in toys,
In men not in boys,
In peace not in war,
In near not in far.

These letters placed aright will show
The cause of much distress and woe.
S. MOORE.

THE PRIZE.

The name of the prize-winner and of all solvers
Puzzles No. 13, will appear in a future issue.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 13.

WHAT WAS THE NUMBER?—SIX.

DIAMOND.—

A
A P R
A P L E
E L M
E

ANAGRAMS.—1. Matthew Arnold; 2. Andrew Carnegie; 3. Robert Louis Stevenson.

ENIGMA.—God is love.

ACROSTIC.—M-arab, I-sachar, R-oubon, I-saac, A-dullam, M-anasseh. Answer.—Miriam.



The Family Circle.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

How strong and sweet my Father's care!
The word, like music in the air,
Comes answering to my whispered prayer,
"He cares for thee."

The thought great wonder with it brings,
My cares are all such little things;
But to the truth my glad faith clings,
He cares for me.

Yet keep me ever in thy love,
Dear Father, watching from above,
And let me still thy mercy prove
And care for me.

Cast me not off for all my sin,
But make me pure and true within,
And teach me how thy smile to win
Who carest for me.

Oh, still in summer's golden glow,
Or wintry storms of wind and snow,
Love me, my Father; let me know
Thy care for me!

And I will learn to cast the care
Which, like a heavy load, I bear
Down at thy feet in lowly prayer,
And trust in thee.

For naught can hurt me, shade or shine,
Nor evil thing touch me or mine,
Since thou, with tenderness divine,
Dost care for me.

—Marianne Farthingham, in *Christian World*.

LADDIE.

CHAPTER III.

Reader, think of some lovely picture of rustic life, with tender lights and pleasant shadows, with hard lines softened, and sharp angles touched into gentle curves, with a background of picturesque, satisfying appropriateness, with the magic touches that bring out the beauty and refinement and elegance of the scene, which are really there, and that subtly tone down all the roughness, and awkwardness, and coarseness which are also equally there. And then, imagine it, if you can, changing under your very eyes, with glaring lights and heavy shadows, deepening, and sharpening, and hardening wrinkles, the angles and lines exaggerating defects, bringing coarseness and age and ugliness into painful prominence, and taking away at a sweep the pretty, rural background which might have relieved and soothed the eye, and putting a dull, commonplace, incongruous one in its place. It was something of this sort that happened to John Carter that night, when the picture he had been painting with the sweet lights of love and childhood's fancies, and the tender shadows of memory, throwing over it all soft tones of long ago and far away, suddenly stood before him in unvarnished reality, with all the glimmer taken away, an every-day fact in his present London life.

I am glad to write it of him, that, for the first minute, pleasure was the uppermost feeling in his mind. First thoughts are often the best and purest. He started up saying, "Mother! why mother!" in the same tone of glad surprise as he would have done fifteen years before if she had come unexpectedly into the shop at Martel; he did not even think if the door were closed, or what Mr. Hyder would think; he did not notice that she was crumpled and dirty with travel, or that she put her patters down on his open book and upset the glass of violets; he just took hold of her trembling, hard-worked hands, and kissed her furrowed old cheek, wet with tears of unutterable joy, and repeated, "Mother! why, mother!"

I am glad to write it of him, glad that she had that great happiness, realizing the hopes and longings of years past, consoling in days to come when she had to turn back to the past for comfort, or forward to the time of perfect satisfaction. There are these exquisite moments in life, let people say what they will of the disappointments and vanity of the world, when hope is realized, desire fulfilled; but it is just for a moment, no more, just a foretaste of the

joys that shall be hereafter, when every moment of the long years of eternity will be still more full and perfect, when we shall "wake up" and "be satisfied."

She was clinging meanwhile to his arm sobbing out "Laddie, my boy, Laddie!" with her eyes too dim with tears to see his face clearly, or to notice how tall, and grand, and handsome her boy was grown, and what a gentleman. Presently, when she was seated in the arm-chair and had got her breath again, and wiped her foolish old eyes, she was able to hunt in her capacious pocket for the silver-rimmed spectacles that had descended from her father, old Master Pullen in the almshouses, and that Laddie remembered well, as being kept in the old Family Bible, and brought out with great pomp and ceremony on Sunday evenings.

"I must have a good look at you, Laddie boy," she said.

And then I think her good angel must have spread his soft wing between the mother and son (though to her mind it seemed only like another tear dimming her sight, with a rainbow light on it), to keep her from seeing the look that was marring that son's face. All the pleasure was gone, and embarrassment and disquiet had taken its place.

"However did you come, mother?" he said, trying his best to keep a certain hardness and irritation out of his voice.

"I come by the train, dear," the old woman answered, "and it did terrify me more nor a bit at first, I'll not go for to deny; but, bless you! I soon got over it, and then trains is handy sort of things when you gets used to 'em. I was a good deal put to though when we got to London station, there seemed such a many folks about, and they did push and hurry a body so. I don't know whatever I should adone if a gentleman hadn't come and asked me where I wanted to get to. He were a tallish man with whiskers, a bit like Mr. Jones over at Martel, and I dare say you knows him; but he were terrible kind however."

John Carter did not stop to explain that there were many tallish men with whiskers in London.

"Why didn't you write and say you were coming?"

"Well, there! I thought as I'd give you a surprise, and I knew as you'd be worrying about the journey and thinking as I'd not be able to manage; but I'm not such a helpless old body, after all, Laddie."

"Who have you left in charge of the cottage?"

"Why I've give it up altogether. Farmer Harris, he wanted it for his shepherd, and he gave me notice. That's why I come all on a sudden like. I says to myself, says I, Laddie's got a home and a welcome for his old mother, and it's only because he thought as I was pretty nearly growed to the old place, and couldn't abear to leave it, that he ain't said as I must come and keep house for him long ago. But, bless you! I've been thinking so of the pleasure of seeing you again that I've pretty nearly forgot as I was leaving my master's grave and all."

"And when must you go back?"

"Not till you gets tired of me, Laddie, or till you takes me to lay me by the old master, for I'd like to lay there, if so be as you can manage it, for I've heard tell as it costs a mort of money buryin' folks out of the parish as they dies in, and maybe it mightn't be just convenient to you."

John Carter busied himself with making the fire burn up into a blaze, while his mother rambled on, telling him little bits of village gossip about people he had long since forgotten or never heard of, or describing her journey, which was a far greater exploit in the old woman's eyes than Lieutenant Cameron's walk across Africa; or dwelling on the delight of seeing him again. He paid little heed to what she said, pretending to be intent on placing a refractory piece of coal in a certain position, or coaxing an uncertain little flame into steadiness, but his head was busy trying to form some plan for getting himself out of his difficult position. He did not want to hurt her, or to be unkind in any way; but it was altogether out of the question having her there to live with him. It would ruin all his prospects in life, his position in his profession and in society; as to his engagement, he did not venture to allow

himself even to think of Violet just then. He knew some doctors whose mothers lived with them, and kept house for them, received their guests, and sat at the head of their table, but they were ladies, very different. The very idea of his mother with three or four servants under her was an absurdity. And this thought brought Hyder's grin before his mind. What had happened when his mother arrived? Had she committed herself and him frightfully by her behaviour. No doubt that impudent rascal was giving a highly facetious account of it all to the maids in the kitchen. Chattering magpies! And how they would pass on it! How Mary Jane would describe it through the arched gate to the milk-woman next morning, and cook add a pointed word or two from the front steps as she cleaned them! He could almost smell the wet hearthstone and hear the clinking of the tin milk-pails as Biddy hooked them to the yoke and passed on with the story of his degradation. And he could fancy what a choice morsel it would make for Hyder to tell Sir John Meredith's solemn red-nosed butler, behind his hand, in a hoarse whisper, with winks to emphasize strong points, and an occasional jerk of the thumb over the shoulder and a careful avoidance of names. This thought was too much for his feelings, and the tongs went down with an ominous clatter into the fender, making the old woman jump nearly off her chair, and cutting short a story about the distemper among Squire Wellow's pigs.

"There; it brought my heart into my mouth pretty near, and set me all of a tremble. I reckon as I'm a little bit tired, and it have shook up my nerves like, and a little do terrify one so."

The sight of her white, trembling old face touched his son's and doctor's heart under the fine, closely woven well-cut coat of fine gentlemanliness and worldly wisdom which he was buttoning so closely round him.

"You are quite tired out, mother," he said; "you shall have some tea and go to bed. I can't have you laid up you know."

"There now! if I wasn't thinking as a dish of tea would be the nicest thing in the world! and for you to think of it! Ah! you remembers what your mother likes, bless you!"

In a moment he had quickly made up his mind that at any rate it was too late for that night to do anything but just make her comfortable; to-morrow something must be done without delay, but there was ten striking, and she was evidently quite worn out. He must say something to silence those jays of servants, and get her off to bed, and then he could sit down and arrange his plans quietly; for the suddenness of the emergency had confused and muddled him.

"I'll tell them to get some tea," he said, "you sit still and rest." And then he rang the bell decidedly and went out into the hall, closing the doors behind him. He had never felt so self-conscious and uncomfortable as when the man-servant came up the kitchen stairs and stood as deferentially as ever before him. He felt as if he had not got entire control of voice, eyes, or hands. His eyes seemed to avoid looking at the man's face in spite of him, and his voice tried hard to be apologetic and entreating of its own accord. That would never do. He thrust his obtrusive hands into his pockets, and drew up his head, and looked sharply at the man straight in the eyes with a "fight you for 2d." expression, or "every bit as if I owed him a quarter's rent," as Hyder said afterwards, and he spoke in a commanding, bullying tone, very unlike his usual courteous behaviour to servants, imagining that by this he conveyed to the man's mind that he was quite at his ease, and that nothing unusual had happened.

"Look here," he said, "I want ten at once in the dining-room, and tell Cook to send up some cold meat. I suppose it's too late for cutlets or anything like that?"

"Is the lady going to stop the night, sir?"

The words stung Dr. Carter so, that he would have liked to have kicked the man down the kitchen stairs, but he luckily restrained himself.

"Yes, she is. The best bed-room must be got ready, and a fire lighted, and everything made as comfortable as possible. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir." The man hesitated a second to see if there were any further orders, and Dr. Carter half turned, looking another way, as he added, "She is a very old friend and nurse of mine when I was a child, and I want her to be made comfortable. She will only be here this one night."

He felt as he turned the handle of the consulting-room door that he had really done it rather well on the whole, and carried it off with a high hand, and not told any falsehood after all, for was she not his oldest friend and his most natural nurse? In reality he had never looked less like a gentleman, and Hyder saw it too.

They say a man is never a hero to his own valet. I do not know if this includes men-servants in general; but certain it is that, up to this time, Dr. Carter had kept the respect of his servant. "I know as he ain't a swell," Mr. Hyder would say to the coterie of footmen who met in the bar of the snug little "publie" round the corner: "but for all that he ain't a bad master neither, and as far as my experience serves, he's as good a gent as any of them, and better any day than them dandy, half-pay captings as sells their old clothes, and keeps their men on scraps, and curses and swears as if they was made of nothing else."

But as Hyder went to his pantry that night, he shook his head with a face of supreme disgust. "That's what I call nasty," he said: "I'm disappointed in that man. I thought better of him than this comes to. Well, well! blood tells after all. What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh sooner or later. Nurse indeed! Get along! you don't humbug me, my gent!"

There were no signs, however, of these moralizings in the pantry, or the fuller discussion that followed in the kitchen when he announced that supper was ready.

"Do ye have your victuals in the kitchen now, Laddie?" the old woman said. "Well, there! it is the most comfortable to my thinking, though gentle folks do live in their best parlors constant."

Hyder discreetly drew back, and Dr. Carter whispered with a crimson flush all over his face, "Hush, we'll have our talk when this fellow is out of the way. Don't say anything till then."

The old woman looked much surprised, but at last concluded that there was something mysterious against the character of "the very civil-spoken young man as opened the door," and so she kept silence while her son led her into the dining-room, where tea was spread with, what appeared to the old woman, royal magnificence of white damask and shining silver.

"You can go," the doctor said. "I will ring if we want anything."

(To be Continued.)

MONOSYLLABLES.

The question was raised in a circle of friends whether one could write or speak a connected sentence of any length using only monosyllables, when a lady presented the following lines:

WHAT THOU WILT.

Not what to me seems good,
Not what my choice would be;
I dare not ask for these,
Lord, when I plead with thee.
But give what to thy mind seems best,
And let thy love not grant the rest.

Not heaps of gold in store,
Not health or friends or fame,
I dare not ask for these,
Though sought for in thy name,
Save as 't is sure such gifts would be
Laid at thy feet in love to thee.

My heart is full of needs,
My wants reach out to thee;
I only plead thy call,
Thy word of grace to me.
Take from my heart its load of guilt,
Then give me, Lord, what else thou wilt!

—Exchange.

A FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Pamare, Queen of Tahiti and Moorea, died at seventy years of age. At her birth not one convert had been made in the South Sea Islands. At her death, after years of faithful Christian life, more than three hundred islands were wholly evangelized, and the gospel leaven is permeating the entire lump.

A BULGARIAN HERO.

BY REV. CYRUS JAMLIN, D.D., LL.D.
(Ex-President of Robert College, in the Golden Rule.)

In the Turkish Empire there are three Christian peoples that are evidently destined to have a controlling influence in the Eastern world. They are Armenians, Greeks and Bulgarians. Each race has its own peculiarities, great qualities and great capabilities, so that it is difficult to strike a balance, and say that this or that one is superior to the others.

In 1857, I made a tour of research into Macedonia to see if there were any opportunity to open mission work there. I found a surprising state of awakening. There was a general desire for schools and school-books in their own language, which the Greek Church had suppressed hoping to unify them more completely with the Greeks.

This tour revealed to me the very interesting character of the Bulgarian people. They were social, frank, hospitable, industrious. And although ages of oppression by priests and Moslems had taken from them the key of knowledge, although none of the peasantry knew a letter of my alphabet, yet there was a strong vitality in them. Great political changes had roused them. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the great English ambassador, had secured the abolition of serfdom in all European Turkey. They had come to know that their real and powerful friend was England not Russia. A mission was finally established among them by the American Board, and another by the Methodist Episcopal Church. Both of them have been fruitful of immense good to Bulgarians.

When Robert College was opened, in 1863, there was no expectation of scholars from among the Bulgarians. They were eager for common schools, and were making excellent progress in that direction. It usually requires years and years for that development which would lead them to prize a college education. But the Bulgarians have reached it rapidly.

Special gratification was felt when, in the second year of Robert College, a Bulgarian youth of excellent character—amiable, gentlemanly, studious, discreet—entered the college, a relative paying his expenses, two hundred dollars a year for board and tuition, a sum equal to five hundred dollars in this country. Soon he was followed by three or four others. Every year the number increased, until it reached the maximum of one hundred and five Bulgarian boys in the preparatory and college departments. They came from every grade of society; from merchants, abundantly able to meet the expenses of education; from the humble abodes of peasants and shepherds, who, in some cases, subjected themselves to positive privation and suffering in order to give the boy a college education. I could tell some pathetic stories of this nature.

The Bulgarian youth have an inspiration which the Armenians, at present, cannot have. They are not really more patriotic—they cannot be—than are the Armenians. They may be placed on a level in scholarship and in general ability.

But the Bulgarians have a country with an organized government, and military forces are aiming at their destruction, while they are ready to sacrifice themselves for their fatherland. This gives them a unity and a spirit of brotherhood very rare to meet with, in the same degree at least, among young men.

Let the following sketch of a Bulgarian youth illustrate that invincible courage and perseverance that give promise of a great future to the Bulgarian people.

A HERO.

He was a shepherd boy in the Balkan Mountains. He had learned reading and writing from a teacher educated at Robert College. He imbibed from that school a strong desire and a firm resolve to follow his teacher's example and be, like him, a teacher of his people. The poor shepherd, his father, was astonished at his determination and assured him that he could not help him in the least. "I know it," said the boy, "but I am going." And with a "Good-by, father," and a "Good-by, mother," he started, on foot, one hundred and forty miles to find Robert College. He was sure of meeting with a ready hospitality in all the Bulgarian villages through which he would pass. Arrived at the college in shepherd's trim, a sheepskin jacket and cap, wool-side out, he applied to the president for work, and was assured that there was no place for him. But he didn't want wages, only his food in the kitchen. He was told that if there was work for him

he would be paid for it. There was none and he must go elsewhere.

Two hours after he was still lingering around and a student was sent to tell him he must go away. He coolly replied that he didn't come there to go away. The students finding him so determined took him to Professor Long, who had lived in Bulgaria and knew the people well. The boy confessed his determination to work for his bread and pick up an education from the Bulgarian boys. He would be satisfied with the crumbs that fell from the master's table.

It was an impracticable idea, but the easiest way to dispose of him seemed to be to give him a hard service, on the supposition that, after a few days' experience, he would change his mind and disappear. But he did the work faithfully and cheerfully, and the Bulgarian students resolved to help him to the utmost of their ability. An arrangement was made by which he had one of their number every evening to help him in his studies.

The weather became cold, wet and stormy. He was told his room was too damp and cold for winter, and as there was no

place for him he must leave. But he serenely replied that it was a better room than he had ever occupied before and he desired nothing different. After some weeks he came to the president and wished to be examined for admission into the Freshman class of the preparatory department. The president replied, "You came after that class entered; you have been working all the time, and you cannot have overtaken them." "Well, perhaps not, but please examine me." So one of the professors examined him, and reported, "He can get into that class but that class can't get into him. He is ahead of them." So again the shepherd boy triumphed. But the president said, "If you should go into the class in that dress they would cry out, 'Eccce, a sheep has come to school!' " "Oh, yes!" the boy said, "I have thought of that; but my compatriots have promised to make me decent, one giving a coat, another pants, and so on, in case I pass the examination."

So he captured Robert College. Friends became interested and paid half of his expenses, and the other half he earned as assistant in the laboratory, where his neatness, carefulness and skill were highly valued. He is now head-master of a department in a national school. He has reached the object for which he left the sheepfold in the Balkans. It is this fine spirit of cool perseverance, regardless of obstacles, that sustains that little people in facing the Northern Bear.

KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

BY J. H. GREGORY.

One evening at a sociable many of the young ladies and misses organized a missionary society and signed a pledge to attend every meeting possible. Miss L.'s class came up in a body, and as one after another signed her name in a neat running hand, one of the young ladies standing by remarked how rapidly and prettily the ten girls wrote, and that it was remarkable to find a whole class that wrote so well. Would some one explain? One of the class did explain, as follows:

"Three years ago when Miss L. took our class she said to us: 'I have an idea which will help you in preparing your lessons for Sabbath-school. At least once a week take your lesson paper and Bible and write first the title, then the golden text, catechism question and answer and lesson. Think while you write. Then read the connection between this and last Sabbath's lesson. You will be surprised at the hold you will get of the lesson in this way, and also how much your hand-writing will improve.' So we tried it."

"That accounts for the prompt answers I get from your class," said the Superintendent, who had heard the explanation. — *Christian at Work.*

CONCENTRATED EFFORT.

Fifty years ago seven shoemakers in a shop in the city of Hamburg said, "By the grace of God we will help to send the gospel to our destitute fellow-men." In twenty-five years they had established fifty self-supporting churches, had gathered out 10,000 converts, had distributed 400,000 Bibles and 8,000,000 tracts, and had carried the gospel to 50,000,000 of the race. Apparently it would only take 150 of such men to carry the gospel to the whole world in twenty-five years.



IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

Sweet-and-Twenty, in the fire
Sees her heart's most fond desire
From the flames uprising bold;
And she sighs her look and words
Lost in maidly fair dreams,
Lost in fancies manifold.

Chastened by the touch of years
Is the mother, and she fears
For her darling's golden head:
Looking down she breathes a prayer:
"God is good and everywhere,
In his ways may she be led."—*Selected.*

TWILIGHT-LAND.

Here we are in twilight-land.

Creakety-creak,
Rocking-chairs at every hand
Sway and swing and squeak;
Here is neither park nor street;
Bare are the little twinkling feet;
White are the gowns and loose:
No place here for ball or bat,
No need now for coat or hat,
None for stockings or shoes.

What are the stories of twilight-land?
Hark, ah, hark!
Call the sweet names where they stand,
Waiting in the dark,
Cinderella, and little Bo Peep,
Who lost her sheep, her pretty sheep,
Jack Horner, bold boy Blue,
And the three bears living in the wood,
And the wolf that ate Red Riding Hood,
And the spinning pussy too.

The little children in twilight-land
Are still as mice,
And the storyteller must understand
She's to tell each story twice.
The crickets chirp, the stars' eyes wink;
Perhaps the man in the moon may think
Them saucy in their play;
But, whatever is heard or said or done,
Each sleepy, weary little one
Gets rested for next day.

For the pillow is white in twilight-land,
And white the bed,
And the tender loving mother's hand
Is laid on the drowsiest head.
And list, the tune she hums and sings,
As with soft creak the rocker swings,
How far away it seems!
That tune—that lullaby—ah, me!—
They are leaving twilight-land you see
For the stiller land of dreams.

—Clara Doty Bates, in *Youth's Companion*.

STAR-FISH.

BY SARAH COOPER.

Those of you who go to the sea-shore in summer have perhaps discovered that star-fish like rocky coasts the best. They are found most abundantly where the crevices between the stones afford good hiding-places for themselves and for the animals upon which they feed. They do not thrive upon muddy or sandy bottoms, and boys and girls hunting for curiosities upon such beaches are often disappointed to find no star-fish.

They spend most of their time creeping over the rocks, though they love to be where the tide will ripple over their bodies and keep them well supplied with sea water, which they depend upon for their lives.

Our dried specimens are yellow, but when alive, star-fish are of a dull red color, sometimes tinged with purple. They seem plump and fat on being taken from the ocean, but they are only puffed up with water; and if you watch them closely you will see the water oozing out all over the back. No doubt you have learned how tedious and discouraging it is to attempt to dry star-fish. The best way is to put them first in fresh-water, which kills them at once; then leave them for an hour or two in alcohol to harden the tissues before placing them in the sun or in a warm oven to dry.

Our common star-fish has five hollow rays or arms, extending from the centre like a star. If any of these rays are broken off, others grow in their places. It is a singular fact that these animals can break themselves to pieces, or throw off their rays, when they become alarmed.

Star-fish glide along smoothly, and without apparent effort. They bend their bodies into various shapes to fit the inequalities of the surface over which they creep, and in order to do this they require a movable skeleton. See how beautifully nature has provided for this necessity by forming the skeleton of thin limestone plates, so joined as to admit of slight motion. These plates are represented in Fig. 1, which is the under side of a ray, and the end having been broken off, we can see the two hollow tubes which it contains.

Look now at the upper side of your star-fish, Fig. 3, and notice the knobs and short spines with which it is covered. Between these spines are tiny forks, with two prongs that are constantly snapping. The use of the forks is not perfectly understood; they sometimes catch small prey, and they may also be useful in removing particles of matter that would choke up the pores

which open on the surface. The round spot near the middle of the back and between two of the rays is called the "mad-reporic body," and is an interesting object. It is a sieve, admitting water into tubes which run to the end of each ray. During life the mad-reporic body is bright-colored, and it strains all the water that enters the tubes, so there is no danger of their becoming choked.

Now if we turn our star-fish over we shall find its mouth on the under side. This is an important organ, for the star-fish busy themselves continually with eat-

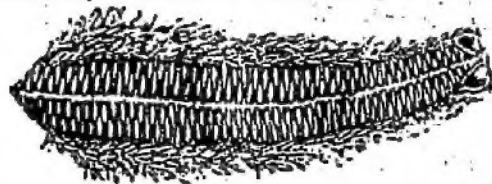


Fig. 1.—Under Side of Ray.

ing. They are especially fond of live oysters and clams, and they have the odd way of eating them. They turn their stomachs right out into the oyster shell, surrounding the soft body of the oyster, and sucking it up. When the star-fish feeds it not only bends its rays into a cup shape to hold on to its prey, but multitudes of tiny suckers spring up to help, and the prey finds escape impossible. Oysters are generally so quick to close their shells in time of danger that we cannot understand why they should allow the

around the mouth, and took the eggs away. After a time he placed the eggs back in the dish, and was surprised to see the star-fish move toward them, and placing itself over them, fold them again in its suckers. Thinking this must be accidental, he took the eggs again, and putting the star-fish in a larger dish, with some obstacle in the middle, he dropped the eggs in the opposite end of the dish. The star-fish, creeping over the obstacle, went immediately to the eggs and took possession. The experiment was tried the third time, and, as before, the mother lost no time in gathering up the eggs and snugly tucking them away under her suckers.

The star-fish's fondness for fresh oysters is a serious matter to the oyster-grower, and causes him to lose large quantities of his valuable property. It is estimated that the damage every year to the oyster beds between Staten Island and Cape Cod amounts to \$100,000. Large numbers of star-fish sometimes appear suddenly and unexpectedly upon shores where oysters are raised. They seem to be washed in from the deep sea, and settling upon the oysters, they begin their work of destruction, and consume many bushels in a short time. These attacks occur chiefly in the latter part of summer or early in the fall, and are much dreaded by the owners of oyster beds.

An account is given of an oysterman on the Massachusetts coast who, after a few rainy days, discovered that the star-fish

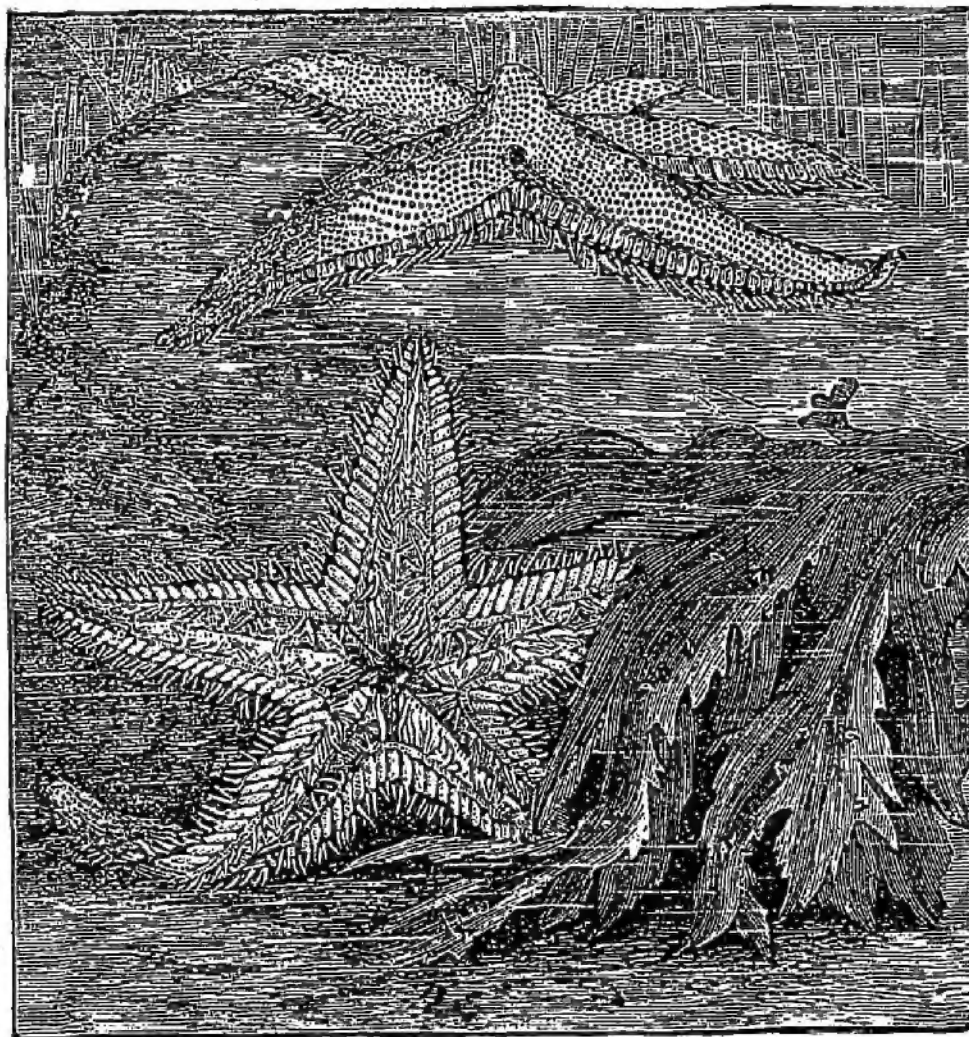


FIG. 3.—STAR-FISH AT HOME.

sluggish star-fish to catch them napping. It has been suggested that the star-fish drops into the shell some liquid which paralyzes the oyster, but this no one knows. Star-fish have a liver and intestines. Their organs do not lie wholly in the central portion, but they extend into the five

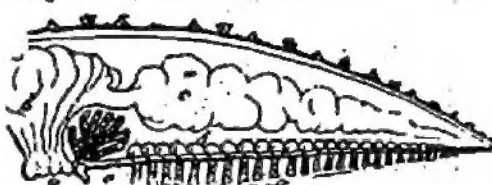


Fig. 2.—Interior of Ray.

hollow arms. They also have nerves, which surround the mouth and pass down each arm, where they end in a red eye speck. This, you see, gives the star-fish five eyes. You would think that with such a number of eyes that they could see everything that is going on. But these eyes are not perfect like yours, and it is very probable that they can see but little. Star-fish are said to be careful of their eggs, carrying them with the suckers near the mouth.

A gentleman who was watching a star-fish in a large glass dish wished to examine the eggs closely, so he parted the suckers

had come during the storm, and were having a feast upon his oysters. With an eel-spear he succeeded in catching from the shallow water 2,500 star-fish during the next two days. Still, notwithstanding his efforts to save his oysters, this unfortunate fisherman lost 300 bushels within one week.

The oysterman has learned the value of these destructive pests for manure, and those dredged from oyster beds are now saved for fertilizing purposes. We might also attribute to the star-fish a certain usefulness as scavengers of the ocean, since they eat all sorts of animal substances, dead as well as living, and do their full share toward keeping the waters pure.

Some kinds of star-fish have long feathery arms, and are much more beautiful than our common ones which we have been studying.—*Harper's Young People*.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A German who had passed many years in intimate intercourse with the people of a certain region of this country, wrote a book describing them, which is admitted to be accurate in all essential points.

He says that the Americans he describes are noted for their peaceable, charit-

able, hospitable dispositions. They never wrangle or fight among each other. Gossip is unknown.

They are faithful husbands and fond fathers. They form singularly strong friendships together. These ties, formed in boyhood, continue through life. A man will sacrifice his property, his labor, even his life, for his friend.

In another place, he asserts that they have so profound a reverence for the Creator that they never undertake the least enterprise without asking his aid. They have, also, a deep respect for their own integrity, and never in their history have been known to break a treaty made with a weaker people.

Mothers teach their daughters the duties which will make them good wives and household managers. The politicians among them work against each other without wrangling, abuse of character, or open insults.

The most prominent trait of this people is, according to this writer, their respect for the aged. Children are taught from their birth not only that the old must be treated with reverence and affection, but that they must share in all amusements. Their conversation is sought for, their advice is asked; they are never contradicted.

He mentions one case, in which some of these Americans were lost in a forest under the guidance of an old man. After wandering all day it was discovered that a lad in the party knew a path out of the wilderness, but had kept silent, following the others deeper into the swamps, because "interference on his part would have been disrespectful to the aged guide."

Our credulity says the *Youths' Companion* refuses to credit this story of any modern boy, in the United States.

It is true, however, for the book was written by a careful, impartial observer, John Heckewelder, a hundred years ago; but it was not of white Americans that he wrote, but of the Delaware Indians.

How many of these traits of character belonging to the "savages" whom we have exterminated can we boast of to-day?

ON PIKE'S PEAK.

The officer in charge of the United States Signal Service Station on the top of Pike's Peak passes his days in a low, flat building made of stone, and anchored and bolted to the granite boulders. During the winter he has no connection whatever with the rest of the world. No human being can ascend to his station, and it is almost impossible for him to go down. Lee Meriwether, who ascended the snow-covered mountain one July day, says that the signal officer's face wears that care-worn, depressed expression which comes from unbroken solitude.

"You don't often see snow in July?" he said, after I had thawed out before a blazing fire.

"Not often. You don't yourself, do you?"

"Yes, two or three times a week. Snow is my only water supply. That boiler there," pointing to the stove, "is full of melting snow. Even in the heat of summer there is always enough snow at my door to furnish all the water needed."

"Does not life become weary and desolate here, so far from the world?"

"So much so that I sometimes fear it will drive me crazy. My official duties are light; they require only an occasional inspection of the instruments. The rest of the time I have nothing to do but read. Too much reading becomes wearisome. Sometimes I stand at the window with my telescope. The wind without is keen and cutting as a knife."

"I can see the houses of Colorado Springs," he continued, "twenty miles away; see the visitors sitting in their shirt sleeves, sipping iced drinks to keep cool, and the ladies walking in white summer robes. Then I lower the glass; the summer scene is gone. Green trees and animal life, men and women, fade away like creatures in a dream, and I am the only living thing in a world of eternal ice and snow and silence."

SATAN, the great accuser, doth not only accuse the brethren unto God, but doth also accuse God unto the brethren.



A LITTLE CANDLE.

LITTLE SARA'S WISDOM.

She was all ready for bed, but Aunt Callie was seized with a desire to hear her recite her verses which were being prepared for the Sunday-school concert.

So Sara, in her long white nightgown, with bare toes just peeping from under it, and her lovely yellow hair in a go-to-bed tangle, struck an attitude at the foot of her crib, the wax candle burning brightly on the window seat at her side, and in a sweet clear voice began:

"Jesus bids us shine
With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.

In this world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
First of all, for him,
Well he sees, and knows it
If our light is dim.

He looks down from heaven
To see us shine;
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In this world are found,

Sin, and want, and sorrow,
So we must shine;
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."

Auntie and Grandma both declared that she said it beautifully, and that when she pointed upward with the words,

"First of all for Him,"

she looked something like an angel. Then mamma closed the door on the audience, and said to Sara, "Now, little Sara, let us kneel down by your white bed and ask Jesus to take care of you all night."

"No," said little Sara, in a very determined tone, "I don't mean to say any more prayers."

Then was mamma astonished and grieved, but she controlled her voice and asked quietly, "Why not, little daughter?"

"Because, mamma, I truly don't think it does a speck of good," said this ignorant little skeptic. "You know when Robbie fell down the tree, that time, and broke his arm, and we couldn't go to the donkey ride, nor the climbing party, nor nothing, because Robbie was hurt, I ask God every single night for most a year, I guess, to make him all well in the morning, so we could do what we wanted to, and he never did at all; Robbie's arm isn't well yet. Now what good does it do to ask things?"

Mamma looked at the determined little rebel with sorrowful, astonished eyes. Could this possibly be the sweet little girl

who three minutes ago was saying in such a reverent voice,

"Jesus bids us shine.
First of all, for Him,"
and who at this moment Grandma was saying looked, she was sure, almost like an angel!

Mamma considered a moment, while she turned down the white spread and made

everything ready, then, wrapping a bright plaid around little Sara, she lifted her in her arms, and sat down with her before the low book-rest on which the large Bible lay spread open.

"Will you find it for me, dear?" she said. It was Sara's turn to look astonished.

"Find what, mamma?"
"The verse which says that in answer to little Sara's prayer Robbie Burns's arm shall be cured at once."

"Why, mamma, I can't find places in the Bible, and I don't know any such verse, besides. I don't know what you mean! Course Robbie's name isn't in the Bible. He wasn't made when the Bible was printed. How could it be there?"

"But, my darling, you said you prayed for Robbie to be cured at once, and he was not and that therefore it did no good to pray. Now what right had you to say that, unless there was a verse in the Bible which promised you that Robbie should be cured at once, if you asked?"

Sara stared, and thought. At last she said,

"But, mamma, none of our names are in the Bible; and you said I could be sure that Jesus would take care of me, if I asked him."

"O, yes! darling my name is there. When it says, 'Whosoever will, let him come unto me,' I know that my name is meant; and the Bible promises me certain things. It says he will care for me day and night, and not let anything happen to me but what is best; and it says he will always hear when I pray, and do for me just what he sees ought to be done; but I have never seen a verse in which it said that it would be better for Robbie to have his arm cured right away; so, though I ask God to cure it, I know that I have no right to tell him when he shall do it, because my time might not be the best time. If my little Sara has found the verse in which he promises this, I think she ought to be able to show it to me."

"Well, but, mamma, of course it would be best for Robbie to be cured right away?"

Mrs. Burns shook her head. "My little girl doesn't know that; and unless God has told her so, she has no right to say it. God knows best what his children all need."

Little Sara was still for as much as three minutes, staring straight at the candle which had helped her in her recitation, then she said, drawing a long relieved sigh, "I guess maybe I made a mistake, I don't believe there is any such verse. I guess I'll ask him to cure Robbie as soon as he thinks he can."

"She isn't an angel yet," said mamma,

smiling and sighing, when she told Grandma this story.

"She is a poor little sinner, who thinks, like some older ones, that she knows more than God; and while she talks about 'shining for him' in one breath, she murmurs at his ways in the next."—Myra Spafford in the Pansy.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

BY EDITH HOLFORD.

It was the evening of the first day of the new term, and the girls were gathered in groups, busily talking, recounting holiday adventures, and making plans for the coming term.

Ethel Mason stood alone. "I wonder what they are doing at home to-night," she thought; and then the ready tears came afresh, father, mother, and the little ones seemed so far away.

"Why, my dear, what a sorrowful face! One would think you had all the woes of the world to carry." Ethel started as the hand of her teacher rested on her shoulder. A few kind questions and Miss Finlay knew the truth—Ethel was homesick, lonely, miserable.

"So you thought that the best cure for your troubles was to brood over them?" Ethel looked down, and Miss Finlay went quietly on: "Try to forget self for a while, and think of somebody else; there is May Acton, the little new girl over yonder by herself, poor child; her father and mother sail for India to-morrow; couldn't you go and help to bear her burden? I think it would be a bit of service for our Master, Ethel."

"I will try," answered the little girl, humbly; she and Miss Finlay understood one another. A bright idea came into her mind; so, presently, having armed herself with an album full of dear home faces, and a little book of texts and flowers, which were to serve as an introduction, she crossed the room. May's pale face brightened as Ethel sat down beside her and said: "Would you like to look at these? I think photographs are such a comfort when I am away at school."

Perhaps it was rather an awkward beginning, but the effort was appreciated, and May answered gratefully: "I should like to see them very much."

The two were soon chatting over the photographs, Ethel explaining them, and telling of the merry Christmas-time, Wilfred's pranks, and Baby Mabel's pretty ways. Then May forgot her shyness, and told Ethel how it had been arranged that she and Willie should go to school, but spend their holidays with the younger ones, Edgar, Charlie and Nellie, at grandma's, till the happy time when father and mother would come home from India, never to go away any more. Miss Finlay noted at least two sunny faces as the girls gathered in the dining-room for evening prayer, and possibly it may not have been altogether by chance that the chapter she read contained these words: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

May wrote a long letter to her mother that week, full of her new surroundings; how lonely she felt at first, "till such a

nice girl, called Ethel Mason," was kind to her; how Miss Finlay was so good, and never seemed cross, only grieved when the rules were broken, as if it hurt her.

And far across the sea Mrs. Acton read the letter and passed it to her husband, saying: "God has been very good to us, our child has found friends in her school-life;" then, lifting up her heart in thankful prayer, she asked for a blessing on the gentle governess and the school-girl who had befriended her little daughter.

Of all this Ethel knew nothing; but months after, when she was searching her Sunday-school hymn-book for a hymn she wanted, and her eyes fell on this couplet,

"Making others happy
Will make me happy too,"

the remembrance of that first night in the term came to her, and she said to herself with a little smile: "Yes, Miss Finlay was right, and this hymn is true, I know, because I've tried it."

Ethel is a woman now, school-days long gone by, but I often hear her quote the hymn, and I think she believes in it more than ever. How many of my little readers will try to practise it too?—*Sunday-School Treasure.*

THE GOOD SENSE OF A HORSE.

A gentleman named Andrews, residing in California, had a span of bright little horses, to which he was very much attached. He never separated them. In the stable, the field, and the harness, they were always together. This caused a strong attachment to grow between the horses. On one occasion he took some friends, in his carriage, drawn by these horses, to a lake not very far from his dwelling, on a fishing excursion. Taking the horses out of the carriage he led them to the border of the lake, and tied them to two trees, a few rods apart, that they might feed on the grass that grew around them. Then he went into a shanty near by, and sat down to wait for the return of his friends who were fishing.

He had not been waiting long, before he heard the sound of a horse's foot approaching the shanty. The next moment he saw one of his horses standing at the door. The animal put his head in and gave a loud neigh, and then turned round and galloped back towards the spot where his master had left him and his companion fastened safely to the trees.

Surprised at finding his horse loose, and at his singular conduct, Mr. Andrews immediately went after him. On reaching the spot where he had left the horses, he was surprised to see the other horse in the water, entangled in the rope which had fastened him to the tree, and trying hard to keep his head above the water. Mr. Andrews at once took hold of the rope, released the horse from it, and led him out of the water. While he was doing this, the other horse stood by, watching what was going on with the greatest interest. And when he saw that his companion was safe on dry land, he seemed greatly pleased. He went jumping round his master, shaking his head and wagging his tail, as if he were trying to say, "I am very much obliged to you, sir, for saving my companion from drowning." Now there are several things worth noting in the conduct of this horse. Think of his readiness to notice the trouble his companion was in, the effort he must have made to break the strong rope that bound him to the tree, the good sense he showed in going at once for his master to come and save the life of his companion; and then the way in which he tried to show his gratitude to his master, for the ready kindness he had shown. All this is very interesting in that horse. And an animal that can act in that way deserves our careful study and our kindest treatment. Horses are wild in some countries, but they are all tame with us. In the times when the Bible was written, horses were not used for riding on, and for bearing burdens as we use them now. They were employed chiefly for warlike purposes. It is of the war-horse Job speaks when he gives the remarkable description of it. See Job 39: 19-25.—*From Bible Animals.*

If God made the world you need not fear that he can't take care of so small a part of it as yourself.—*Rev. Edward Taylor.*

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